

with pleasant wind from west. Gentle rain last night makes marching very pleasant. Marched ten miles and struck entrance of Badlands and went to camp on the head of Davis Creek; grass excellent; picturesque imaginable. Red, cone-topped buttes in all directions. Column enduring march finely; men and stock hardening and improving. Band plays on set out for march and during evening, daily. Actual distance marched today $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Owing to having crossed Stanley's Trail at some point where it was obliterated, the column marched about 3 miles too far south; and now it was that General Custer's fine memory came into play. What is known as Sentinel Buttes, anglicized by the Indians as "Two Buttes Facing Each Other," which are seen approaching the Badlands from the eastward, were pronounced so at once and emphatically by General Custer. Scouts were sent northward and in the course of an hour found the trail and winding its way down the sides of a steep butte, whose base is at the east entrance to the Badlands. General Custer and a few scouts made a halt down the valley from camp an hour or so after reaching camp and found the routes very feasible, only as regarded the crossings. General Terry issued orders for three companies cavalry to advance in morning, armed with picks and shovels.

May 28th.—Broke camp 5 a. m., pioneers ahead. Marched today $7\frac{3}{4}$ miles. Made 8 crossings of Davis Creek, and went into camp 12:30. Creek very tortuous; crossings deep. Made ascent of highest buttes; viewed surrounding country; a sea of cone and ugly formations; grass excellent, water alkaliied, plenty wood. Expected to reach Little Missouri this evening, but found (pages 19 and 20 lost).

May 29th.—Waters unexpectedly quite clear in Little Missouri and very low. Will probably lay here one or two days, as a considerable work corderoying, etc., is necessary to make crossing feasible. Man rattlesnake bitten yesterday. All right. Says whiskey is a "big thing." Anticipated Indian trouble in the Badlands on going up defile and butte west of Little Missouri, but no signs of them being in this vicinity.

May 30th.—Main column lie in camp today. General Custer with battalion and Lt. Varnum with 12 scouts moved out of camp at 5 a. m. on a reconnoitering and scouting expedition. Expected in tonight. No incident today. Considerable quantity fish caught in Little Missouri, such as Skip Jacks, Graylings, and few Silver Cat. No shooting allowed today. General Custer and battalion returned 6 p. m. Scouted 45 miles up Little Valley. Its average

mile wide; good grass; crossed stream 34 times. No Indian signs except those a year old. Heavy shower early part of night.

May 31st.—Early morning growing dark, misty, threatening rain. Broke camp 8 a. m. Clouds lifted and weather pleasanter. Crossing of Little Missouri not bad, hauling heavy and, being westward, the trail was over very broken country, up, up and down, down, zigzag up the high, steep buttes. Trail very torturous clear through to tonight's camp, which was reached at 2 p. m. after a march of 12 and nine-tenths miles, going down a steep butte of Whistler's "cut off" into valley where camped. Sufficient wood and water; grass very fine; latter of poor quality. Reynolds and I, off on a scout miles away from head of column, shot three Rocky Mountain sheep, dressed them, packed on our horses, and tramped over four miles into camp. Went down very long, steep butte. In all directions red-topped, to north more than any other direction. Rose Bud Butte on Little Missouri about 8 or 10 miles in S. E. direction 12 miles from camp. Saw column winding its way along. Carland found, while "marching on," well-shaped hole with ice in it, hot day, very refreshing. Commence pouring rain at 7 p. m.

June 1st.—Reveille at 3 a. m. Looked out, found 12 inches on ground, snowing hard. Has snowed nearly all day. Have not moved. 7 p. m., snowing harder than ever; wind blowing from N. W., growing colder. Stock feeling the storm; very dull in camp; some card playing; no incident, wood plenty, and fires kept burning all around; but few Sibley stoves, at Headquarters and three or four officers' tents. Yesterday, 8 miles west Little Missouri camp, saw a coal strata on fire, looked like whole side mountain on fire. Vein about 4 feet thick. Lignite cropping out all along.

June 2nd.—Laid in camp all day, weather cold. Snowing at intervals all day, very disagreeable. During P. M. forage and supply wagons hauled across crossing and up hill to start in early morning. General Terry impatient of delay. Will try reach Beaver Creek tomorrow.

June 3rd.—Camp broke and column in motion at 5 a. m. Weather clear, and cold N. W. wind. Marched 25 miles. Camped on Beaver Creek, beautiful stream and valley, grass luxuriant, wood sufficient. 11 a. m., two white and one Indian scout met head column with dispatches from Gibbon's Command on Rose Bud, between Powder and Big Horn. They left camp on 24th. Gibbon's Command on half rations; expected supplies from Fort Ellis June 1st. Two soldiers and one citizen, while hunting, killed by hostiles; saw 20 to 50 in bands frequently through the day. Antelope

plenty today. This camp is 35 miles from Yellowstone, via Stanley's route to Stockade. General Terry will change course of march and go direct to Gibbon's Command on the Rose Bud. Steamer Josephine made second trip to Stockade, left her cargo and left the river steamer, "Star of the West," at Stockade at 10 a. m., June 2. Will stay there until this column reaches, unless otherwise ordered. 7 p. m., weather warmer, clear and no wind. Country passed over today, except first six miles, handsome grass par excellence. Splendid grass for stock but think of 8 inches of snow on ground June 2nd; snow fell to foot or more depth on Yellowstone, drifts three feet deep, same storm, and scouts had trouble to find or keep the trail.

June 4th.—Under March 5 a. m. Weather clear, cool, pleasant marching. Marched 18 miles; camped on Stanley's return trail of '72 in his camping grounds on Beaver Creek; grass plenty, not so good as has been, water clear, cold, and swift-running; wood plenty. Indian signs week old, saw today. Antelope plentier than at any time on this march. Terry tired out; took an ambulance four miles from camp—one of Clark's teams played out. The roads good but country very rolling. "Vet" said to recruit, "Climb one hill, when on top, see another"—his experience. "Boys"—"Joshing"—"Capt. Michailles"—"Chief Ordinance." Indians called him "4-eyed Battle Axe." Health of Column good. Carland and Chance hunting. Dismounted to shoot antelope. Horses ran away in rear and flank of column; exhausted themselves chasing stock, then gave \$5.00 each to have horses caught. Chance shot one antelope. Passed through prairie dog village today.

June 5th.—Broke camp usual time. Marched mostly a south course 10 miles; struck Stanley's return '72 trail again, descended into Badlands; crossed Cabine Creek at 11 a. m. Marched 20½ miles and camped; grass fair, water ditto; no wood; used dried sagebrush for cooking. Worst road have had and worst country. Chief products, sagebrush, cactus and rattlesnakes. Antelope very plenty. No Indian signs today. Been ahead with Reynolds; killed two black-tailed deer and two antelope. Tonight camp on open prairie; Headquarters on hill-top, handsome and convenient camp, but for lack of wood. Two mules died last night. Saw first buffalo signs today; tracks fresh since snow.

June 6th.—Broke camp and under march at 4:30 a. m. Weather clear, cool, breezy. Marched 10½ miles near head of O'Fallon's Creek, crossed and marched 22 and a third miles, where we crossed fork again and went into camp at 4:45 p. m. Had some dif-

ficulty in finding crossing. Country along creek flat, very broken, and soil soft. Are making new trail entirely. Marching been generally excellent today. Reynolds guiding discretionarily. Timber heavy; all cottonwood; plenty fair water, grazing not good. Sagebrush and cactus principal growth today. First buffalo killed today. Two privates, Troop H., out hunting yesterday, not returning last night; fears they had been captured by hostiles, but they reached column about 10 a. m. all right; got lost and belated in Badland region, which we are yet in. Private McWilliams, Troop H., accidentally shot himself with a revolver today; ball took effect calf of leg, ran down tendon, and lodged just under skin top of foot; flesh wound lay him up a month. Marched prairie dog village containing 700 or 800 acres. Little fellows surprised and barked top of voices. Saw, while with advance today, deserted wood hovel, evidently put together without aid of axe. Rough dry logs piled together with broken limbs and sticks placed in them, muddled. A mere hovel. Some white man wintered there; evidence of horses and well beaten path in front extending some distance each side of structure. Saw first windpuff today.

June 7th.—Under march 4:45 a. m. Weather misty; clouds heavy, threatening rain. Marched today 32 miles and camped on Powder River. General Custer at 3:30, General Terry and head of column 5 p. m., and the rear of column at 8 p. m. Terribly rough country. General Custer, with Capt. Weir's troops, used as vidittes, scouted ahead and succeeded finding a passable route over a country would seem impracticable—up, up, down, down, zigzag, twirling, turning, etc. General Custer rode 50 miles, fresh when arrived. Told Terry last evening would succeed finding trail and water horse in Powder River at 3 p. m. today; succeeded at 3:30 p. m. Most attractive scenery yet, spruce and cedar on buttes. Marched on "Hog's Back," highest buttes in country, for mile or two; if teams went either side would roll down hundreds feet. Only route could be made in this direction. Saw what seemed like ancient ruins. Buffalo seen today, none taken, order no firing. This camp excellent, wood, water, grass plenty. Timber all cottonwood; smallish or medium size. Everyone tired out, and stock completely so. Several mules and few horses dropped out of teams today. Some breakage to wagons, slight damages. Remarkable march. We are 26 miles in direct line from camp on O'Fallon's Creek last night. Have marched thus far 32 and a third miles. It's 20 miles from here to mouth of Powder River. Fish.

June 8th.—In camp all day. General Terry, with 2 Companies

Cavalry, left afternoon for mouth Powder River, intercept steamer. Preparations being made for an 8-days Cavalry scout in full force. Waggoners pack train carrying forage and field rations. Indians killed a buffalo today and had a pow-wow over it. Yesterday's march hard on stock; but a 2-days halt here will recuperate them. The scouts sent last night by General Terry to scouts from Gibbon which met this column some days ago and were sent back with dispatches were unable to go to them. Hostiles probably near mouth Powder River, and in neighborhood Tongue River. The returned scouts killed buffalo and had pow-wow over it. First one killed.

June 9th.—Lay in camp today. Scouts came in from mouth Powder River with mail brought up by Steamer "Far West" and information General Terry gone up Yellowstone River 30 miles on steamer; with Gibbon who marching down Yellowstone River Valley from junction with Terry. Organization for scouting completed and only awaits General Terry's return. It is probable the bulk hostiles on Tongue River and between trail and Powder River. Scouts saw 4 mounted Sioux who ran when saw scouts.

Mrs. Dunn says there were nine days more of diaries, but they were loaned about 40 years ago to someone and were lost. (Mrs. Dunn says Dr. Porter agreed with the account given of Little Big Horn Battle by Lt. Godfrey. (Note by L. F. Crawford.)

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of history is essential for a full understanding of the present and for the development of a sense of national identity. The author also discusses the role of the historian in society and the importance of the study of the history of the United States in the context of the world.

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CHAPTER XVIII

INDIAN CHIEFS OF NORTH DAKOTA

Address given by Mrs. Jessamine Slaughter Burgum at the D. A. R. Dacotah Chapter at Fargo, Fine Arts Club, December, 1936.

North Dakota's early history is closely identified with a warlike tribe of Indians known as the Great Sioux Nation. They were divided into several bands known as the Santees, Tetons, Brules, Sissetons, Wahpetons, Two Kettle, Minnecoujon, Blackfeet, Yanktons, San Arcs, Yanktonaise, Uncpapa, and Ogalallas.

The meaning of some of these Indian names are Assiniboine (stoneboilers), Minnecoujon (those who plant by the water), San Arcs (no bows), Ogalallas (wanders in the mountains [Black Hills]), the Brule Sioux after a French priest, Father Brule, Sisseton (villages of the marsh), Wahpetons (villages in the woods), Tetons (villages of prairie dwellers), Wahpekutewans (the leafshooters; because their flint arrows were made in the form of a leaf).

These people of the hunting trail and war party were as proud, fierce, and arrogant as the ancient Gauls of Caesar's time. They trained their youth in fortitude and courage and in the belief that striking an enemy in battle with their "Coo" sticks was the greatest virtue. Fanatically patriotic in their love of their land and skilled in arms, desperate in strategy, they contested every inch of the way, falling back and retreating only to advance again, these hard riding Indian warriors who fought a steadily losing battle against the march of civilization.

These bands of Sioux felt this "Land of the Dacotahs" to be their own, confirmed to them by the Treaty of 1868 at Fort Rice, and considered the advance of the white people in surveying the railroads, a violation of the treaty. The railroad company was promised military aid should the Sioux offer resistance to the progress of the work. Then the government wanted the Sioux to stop their roaming and settle down on the reservations. So in December of 1875 the Commissioner of Indian Affairs issued an order for all the roving Sioux to come in at once to the reservation or else the army would be upon them.

It was in the depth of a hard winter and the Sioux, who were in

their winter camps, either not hearing or heeding the order, failed to appear.

So General Sheridan planned his campaign against the Indians. From three points on the border he ordered armies to advance into the Indian country. From Fort Lincoln, Dakota Territory, Generals Terry and Custer. From Fort Ellis, Montana, near Bozeman, General Gibbons, and from Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, General Crooks, these generals in command.

When the Indians found the soldiers coming to get them, they were thoroughly aroused and under the leadership of Gall, Sitting Bull, Spotted Tail, and Crazy Horse, and they brought together a force of about 4,000 Sioux warriors in the Little Big Horn country.

Of these three white armies General Custer and his men were the advance guard of one unit. Custer came upon the Sioux warriors first. His few hundred men had no chance whatever against the thousands of savage Indians, and were annihilated to a man.

But the Sioux victory was really their defeat. Many fled into Canada, others scattered toward the Big Horn Mountains till they finally surrendered at various agencies, gave up their horses and guns to the government, and settled down on the reservations.

Gone were the old hunting days when the prairies were checkered with buffalo paths and now these trails have grown dim. Many of the warriors had gone to the Happy Hunting Ground beyond the setting sun and those who were left cumbered with families could see no way out but to accept the terms proffered and became reservation Indians.

Making a last courageous stand against the oncoming waves of civilization, a number of Indian chiefs left an indelible imprint on the history of North Dakota. Among these chiefs were Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face, Gaul, Crowking, Thunder Hawk, Crazy Horse, Black Moon, Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, John Grass, Running Antelope, American Horse, and many others. Without doubt Sitting Bull was the most famous of these Indian chiefs who came into prominence in the Indian campaigns of the '60s and '70s.

Sitting Bull

Those not familiar with the early history of the Northwest might look at the old Indian Ta-Tanka-Yo-Ta-Ka (Sitting Bull) as a grim old savage without realizing that behind that grim exterior was the genius of a Napoleon. Time and time again he pitted his skill against the best brains of Civil War Generals Sheridan, Sherman, Crooks, Auger, Sanborn, Custer, Terry, etc., and outwitted them, but was finally subjugated.

He had all the qualities desired in an Indian chief: unquestioned bravery, generous in providing meat and horses for the camps, one who could speak and take his own part, a good singer and a peace-maker in the camp. Few chiefs measured up to this, but Sitting Bull did. He was a patriot to his nation, whatever he may have been from the viewpoint of the white man.

Sitting Bull and his warriors opposed the coming of the railroad,



STANDING HOLY, DAUGHTER OF SITTING BULL LOUIS, SON OF SITTING BULL

making an ultimatum that it should stop at Fort Seward (James-town) and constantly harassed and attacked the oncoming surveyors and their escorts.

Fort Seward was established shortly after Fort Hancock (Bismarck), as a supply camp and a military protection for the surveyors of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Thunder Hawk

Thunder Hawk (a town in South Dakota, is named for him.)

was the Sioux who saved Father DeSmet's life in 1869 as the Father drove from Fort Rice to Sitting Bull's camp on the Powder River country with the Peace Treaty sent by General Sherman. *Black Moon* welcomed Father DeSmet to the warrior's conclave where 600 tepees were assembled and *Sitting Bull* heard the peace terms. Later *Black Moon* led a charge against General Custer's troop and was killed. After hearing the peace terms of General Sherman, *Sitting Bull* proposed some himself; that the white men come no more to the Indian's country and that the Indians would stay out of the white man's country. He refused to go to Fort Rice to sign the treaty but sent *Chief Gall* to do it. This treaty established the great Sioux Reservation west of the Missouri River, north of the Platte River, east of the Big Horn Mountains and no white person was to settle or pass through without consent of the Indians.

Crow King was the cavalry general of the Sioux at the Custer massacre. With his cavalry he rode right through Custer's massed command, wheeled and instantly rode back again—pumping bullets into the soldiers all the while. It was soon over.

Crazy Horse was an Oglalla Sioux, a reckless, dashing young chief who, with his warriors, joined *Sitting Bull* at the Custer Massacre and would have rubbed out Reno and Benteen's command also had not *Sitting Bull* restrained him. For "signal smokes" and Indian runners told of General Terry's and General Crook's advancing columns. *Crazy Horse* would not agree to escape to Canada with *Sitting Bull* for he was a warrior and nothing else. So he took his 300 warriors and rode south to the Big Horn Mountains after the Custer battle and hunted till his relative, *Spotted Tail*, who was in the same battle with his band, the Brule Sioux, persuaded him to surrender at Camp Robinson, Nebraska. *Crazy Horse* expected to be treated as a chief on surrender, but finding himself a prisoner, he resisted and was killed by a soldier stabbing him in the back with a bayonet. A monument has been erected to his memory on the spot where he was killed.

Spotted Tail, head of the Brule Sioux, and *Red Cloud's* band surrendered in 1877 and were sent to the Indian Territory. They did not like it there and returned the same year to the Rosebud agency, where *Spotted Tail* was killed by a jealous Indian in 1881.

Rain-in-the-Face was often seen at Bismarck in the eighties after his surrender. I often heard my parents relate the details of *Rain-in-the-Face's* first trip to Fort Lincoln and the excitement his escape caused. On the Stanley Expedition in 1873 the Seventh Cavalry acted as escorts to the engineers who were making the survey. A

party of reservation Indians hid by a spring and killed and scalped two civilians and two soldiers as they were watering their horses. Some time later one of Custer's scouts, Charles Reynolds, saw a war dance on the Sioux Reservation in which *Rain-in-the-Face*, a young Uncpapa Sioux, boasted of this exploit and showed the watch chain of the doctor he had killed. As he was a reservation Indian, General Custer selected Captain Yates and Colonel Tom Custer to arrest him at the agency. The chiefs offered to exchange any two other chiefs for *Rain-in-the-Face*. As they entered the garrison of Fort Lincoln, everybody came out to see *Rain-in-the-Face* tied to his pony and surrounded by 100 cavalry men. It was Custer's intention to have him taken to Fargo to be tried for murder, but as the Northern Pacific was not running in the winter, he had to wait for spring to come. Five big stalwart brothers of *Rain-in-the-Face* followed from Standing Rock and made powerful appeals for him. Other chiefs came to see General Custer, offering themselves as hostages. One night the danger call rang out. *Rain-in-the-Face* had escaped. The oat thief had escaped by cutting a hole in the frame wall of the guard house, and *Rain-in-the-Face* had followed. The oat thief was immediately captured by cavalry men who had been sent after him, but *Rain-in-the-Face* got away, not to the reservation but to the camps of the hostile Sioux under *Sitting Bull* in the Powder River country.

I heard my father say that *Rain-in-the-Face* sent word back that he would maim or kill both General Custer and Tom Custer. A few months later he carried out this threat at the Battle of the Big Horn. When the threat reached Bismarck, relayed by the Indian scouts, it was considered a joke that Tom Custer was afraid to leave the fort to come to Bismarck. But no wonder, after being ferried across the river the ambulance or stage and mules were disembarked and there was a five mile drive through the willows of the bottom lands to Bismarck where Indians could easily be concealed. *Rain-in-the-Face* later surrendered with *Sitting Bull* and lived on the Standing Rock Reservation.

Chief Gall

Chief Gall of the Uncpapa Sioux was one of the signers of the Fort Rice Treaty and took part in the inauguration of *Sitting Bull* as head of the Sioux Nation. He also killed Lieutenant Crosby, a one-armed officer, at Fort Rice. My father's diary, kept at Fort Rice, had this entry October 14, 1871: "The great expedition to the Yellowstone conducted by the engineers of the N. P. R. R. and escorted by U. S. troops has returned. They encountered many hos-

tile Indians and their return was a series of skirmishes but few lives lost. Those killed were Lt. Adair and Lt. Crosby. They were but a day's ride from Fort Rice and all felt secure, for no Indians had been seen that day. Lt. Crosby followed a wounded antelope and disappeared out of sight of his party. A few minutes later a large



CHIEF GALL

force of Indians appeared in full view on a high hill and an Indian called "The Gaul," well-known at the agency, with shoutings and gestures displayed some object that the field glasses made out to be the scalp of the infantry officer. Search was made and his mutilated body found and taken to Fort Rice for burial." In 1876, Chief Gall was one of the leading warriors at the Custer Massacre. He surrendered in the following year and lived at Standing Rock Reservation until he died many years later of old age.

He was a typical Indian warrior of splendid physique and unquestioned bravery. In the battle of the Sioux Indians against General Sully in the sixties he was left for dead on the field, a soldier's bayonet fastening him to the ground. But he lived to fight again and led his warriors in the battle of the Big Horn.

Red Cloud

Red Cloud was not the notorious Minnesota chief of the same name, but an Ogallala chief, and with another chief, "High Backbone" of the Minnecoujou Sioux, divided their forces and directed

them against the forts, on the Bozeman trail, driving the cattle away and waiting to shoot anyone who ventured forth and firing at steamboats. Again and again their warriors, several thousands of them, attacked the forts until the government was finally forced to abandon the forts on the Bozeman trail and leave Red Cloud's Powder River country to him and to protect it for him by the treaty of 1868. Red Cloud would not sign the treaty until he had ocular evidence that the soldiers would withdraw and the forts be dismantled on the Bozeman road. After he made peace with the government he made several trips to Washington.

The Bozeman Trail was the Montana road from the Platte River, Nebraska, guarded by a chain of forts, Phil Kearny, Laramie, Ellis, Smith, to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains to the mining district of Montana, and to the west coast. It was the route taken by John F. Bozeman in 1863 when leading the weary emigrants over his famous "shorter route" and soon known as the "Bozeman Trail," until right of way over their hunting grounds was disputed by Red Cloud and his band.

Inkpaduta

When General Sibley pursued the Indians in 1864, Inkpaduta led the attack on the soldiers at White Stone Hill in Dickey county under Colonel House. The soldiers were completely surrounded and Inkpaduta, seeing them completely trapped, stopped to gloat over his victims by "making medicine" and holding off the attack, prepared the death feast. Suddenly the sound of cavalry, the dust clouds and beat of horses' hoofs, barely a half mile away, turned the attack into a rout. The Indians were forced into a ravine and were saved only by darkness coming on.

It was the son of Inkpaduta who was said by the Indians to have been the one who killed Custer, as afterwards he had in his possession the sorrel thoroughbred Kentucky riding horse of General Custer. "To the victor belongs the spoils."

Indian Chiefs

American Horse was an Ogallala Sioux, prominent from 1865 to 1876. After the Custer battle the Indian forces were scattered. General Terry and General Crooks started in August for the Black Hills, met American Horse at Slim Buttes, killed the chief and repulsed his band. Crazy Horse and his warriors attacked General Crooks' command from the rear, were driven back, but followed them all the way into the Black Hills, attacking whenever there was an opportunity.

Rushing Eagle was a Mandan Indian and son of a famous chief named Four Bears (Mato Topa). He and his son were friendly to the whites and were noted warriors against the Montana Blackfeet, Sioux and Arikaree tribes, and made many attacks on their enemies from the Canadian line to the Black Hills.

Fire Heart was one of the "Great Plains" Indians who were known as Tetons and of the Blackfeet tribe. Born in 1845 near where Fort Yates now stands, and after a long life of constant fighting against the frontier army, he died on the reservation in his log cabin near the place of his birth.

Good Lance was an Ogallala Sioux who followed the great war chief, Red Cloud, and took an active part in the campaigns leading up to and including the Custer battle. He did not follow Red Cloud after the battle but escaped into Canada. After a time he returned and took a leading part in the Messiah craze and ghost dances of 1890-91.

Running Antelope, a Hunkpapa Sioux, who frequently visited Bismarck when the writer was a child, was regarded as friendly to the whites. His face now adorns the U. S. Treasury five-dollar note. He was an orator and a man of power amidst his tribe. In his stalwart manhood he was called the bravest of the brave and in his old age he went no more to war, but used matchless eloquence in attempting to persuade the Indian to live at peace with the whites, for he had been to Washington to see the Great Father and had seen the big cities, the countless whites, the many inventions of the pale faces, and knew it was useless to oppose them.

After the battle of the Big Horn in 1876, the Indians fled. The Canadian government finally persuaded the Sioux who had escaped into Canada, that they had better return to the United States and to the reservation, than to stay in Canada and starve. So they finally returned to Fort Buford and surrendered their guns and horses, and they were brought by steamboats to the reservations. It was a gala day at Bismarck, a "Roman holiday," when the captives returned. Many of their friends and relatives from the reservations were there to greet them after five year's separation. I remember how I clung to my father's hand and watched with fear the Indian men, women, children and babies, who crowded the decks of the steamboats at the old Bismarck landing. Many citizens of Bismarck and blue-coated soldiers from old Fort Lincoln were there who looked on in hostile silence, remembering the gallant Custer and the 7th Cavalry who had marched so gaily away that morning of the 17th

of May, 1876. Sitting Bull walked with a limp for he had been wounded in his heel, but his spirit was neither broken nor bowed. His autobiography written in Indian picture writings of sixty-three of his exploits as a warrior and as a hunter prior to 1870, has for forty years been in the possession of the Museum at Washington, D. C. It was given them by an army officer to the Society of American Ethnology. An inspiring leader, Sitting Bull rode up and down the lines of the Sioux warriors on that fated June day in 1876. It is told he urged them, "Be brave, my children, your wives and little ones are like birds without a nest." Behind them lay the teepees, and their families were crying in fear, for the enemy, the white man, was drawing nearer and nearer. Lashing their horses, they gave their war whoop and dashed forward to meet the foe at "Custer's Last Stand."

Fourteen years later we again hear of Sitting Bull in the headlines of the newspapers. After settling on the reservation he later traveled through the United States and Canada with Buffalo Bill, where he was received with great acclaim. Later he was invited to go to England to Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887, but refused, saying, "I am needed here for there is more talk of taking our lands."

The Black Hills Treaty signed by Generals Sherman, Taylor, Harney, Sanborn, Tappan, and Auger, meant something to the Sioux and they expected the U. S. to live up to their obligations, but with the discovery of gold in the Black Hills and by the railroad surveys it was slowly revealed to them it was only "a scrap of paper." After waging a frantic war they were slowly and surely subdued and urged to live as the white man did.

The buffalo and wild game were gone, the promised rations inadequate, and after years of reservation life they beseeched the Great Father at Washington but apparently to no avail. So the "Ghost Dances" or appeals to the "Great Spirit" swept like a revival meeting through the reservations and were interpreted as Indian uprisings against the whites. Newspapers played up the "Ghost Dances" and we at Bismarck sixty miles from the reservation heard and were frightened by the rumors of Indians advancing, rumors that were denied the next day, and again repeated until the word came that Sitting Bull was dead at the hands of his own people. The story of the tragedy would take pages to tell.

He was killed in his own cabin December 15, 1890, at Grand River on the Standing Rock Reservation, by the Indian police who had been ordered to take him to Standing Rock Agency.

His friends defended his cabin and a pitched battle took place in the gray dawn of morning, and when the smoke cleared away twelve Indians lay dead.

The Old Captain was dead. Ta Tanka pa (Bull Head), chief of the Indian police, and Red Tomahawk had killed To Tanka yota ka (Sitting Bull). He was buried at Fort Yates and on the monument are the words, "Sitting Bull, Chief of the Uncpapa Sioux." A monument was also placed to honor the Indian police who were killed at the same time.



SPOTTED TAIL, WIFE AND DAUGHTER

CHAPTER XIX

"RAIN-IN-THE-FACE" SPEAKS

That historians of the same event do not agree is because their viewpoint differs and they do not all remember with the same degree of accuracy and reasoning power. It has been remarked that if there were five thousand Indian survivors of the Custer battle, there were five thousand different versions of it. Each one remembering (or forgetting) his participation to the exclusion of others. There were no white survivors and it was perhaps to the Indians' advantage to forget as soon as possible any reference to the battle.

The following version of Rain-in-the-Face was published 45 years ago in a Montana paper and later Nickell's Magazine is per-



RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

haps as trustworthy as any report received although in later years, surrounded by the "pale faces," Rain-in-the-Face denied he had ever killed Tom Custer. Discretion is the better part of valor when one is living with the conquerors.

He belonged to the Sitting Bull wing of the tribes, though he had

very little respect for the old chief. It was he who was once arrested by Captain Tom Custer, brother of the general, and he it was who swore that some day he would cut out Tom Custer's heart. That he was true to his pledge history has recorded. Here is the way he related the terrible moment of revenge to Mr. Thomas, the author of the interesting article in *The Nickell*:

"This time I saw Little Hair, (meaning Tom Custer). I remembered my vow. I was crazy. I feared nothing. I knew nothing would hurt me, for I had my white weasel tail on. (He wears the charm to this day.) I don't know how many I killed trying to get to him. He knew me. I laughed at him and yelled at him. I saw his mouth move, but there was so much noise I couldn't hear his voice. He was afraid. When I got near enough I shot him with my revolver. My gun was gone, I don't know where. I leaped from my pony and cut out his heart and bit a piece out of it and spit it in his face. I got back on my pony and rode off, shaking it. I was satisfied and sick of fighting; I didn't go back on the field that day."

Such is the story of the killing of Tom Custer, whose body was the most horribly mangled on the field. There can be no question about Rain-in-the-Face having wreaked his vengeance on the popular captain, for he had sworn to cut out the heart of the man who had humiliated him by arrest, and he is not the man to violate that sort of a pledge. When asked why the body of General Custer was not mutilated, Rain-in-the-Face shattered an idol of the romancers and novelists and said that the squaws who went upon the field to cut off the bootlegs of the soldiers which were used for moccasin soles, looked for "Long Yellow Hair," but could not find him. The general had his hair cut before starting from Fort Lincoln in order that he might not be a mark for the Indians, and to this fact was due the inability of the squaws to find his body. The surviving leader throws some additional light on the relations which existed between Sitting Bull and Gall. Bull made the medicine and Gall commanded in battle. Bull took a position at a safe distance from the battlefield and stirred his magic medicine while Gall stood upon the field of battle directing his forces. After defeating Custer, Bull was boasting of how he won the fight, while Gall impatiently informed him that he did no fighting and that he (Gall) was the one to whom credit was due. From that moment, says Rain-in-the-Face, Bull and Gall hated each other. That they were bitter enemies everyone knows. Rain-in-the-Face says that the hatred which sprung up between Gall and Sitting Bull immediately after

the killing of Custer's forces, saved the Reno command, as the division among the Indians prevented them from turning upon Reno and slaughtering his entire force.

The people of this country will never tire of delving into the confusion of poorly connected facts for the truth regarding the



CAPTAIN TOM CUSTER

Custer battle, and this additional light from one of the leading actors in the awful tragedy will play an important part in the making of permanent history. No other battle in the history of the world, with the exception of the battle of Waterloo, has been the subject of so much controversy, and the story told by Rain-in-the-Face seems to bear all the evidence of reliability.

CHAPTER XX

CUSTER AT HOME

The picture is a scene from the home of Mrs. Custer at Fort McKean. It shows the General at home with Mrs. Custer, his brothers, Tom and Boston; his sister, Mrs. Calhoun and her husband, Lt. Calhoun; his nephew, Arthur Reed; and their favorite set of friends. Note the square Chickering piano, the harpsichord; the books; pictures, etc., with Mrs. Custer seated at the piano and the General standing near.



GENERAL CUSTER

It is from this home that he went to battle. To this home came the news of the terrible tragedy, brought to Bismarck by the steamer, "Far West," of the disaster of the Big Horn battle.

General Custer was a tall, young man, lithe and agile, with deep-set blue eyes, wavy, golden hair and a tawny mustache from which he derived the name of "golden-haired chief." His face generally wore a thoughtful expression. His manner was refined, with quiet courage of his convictions. The devotion of his wife, the love and trust they had for each other was evident to all.

The Indians had other nicknames for him in illusion to his superb riding. They had observed how lightly he swung himself out of the saddle and how jauntily he walked after a hard, grilling all day on horseback.

He was noted as an Indian fighter but not as an Indian hater. In the course of his work on the frontier he had seen the Indians cheated on every hand. Indignant at these things and unable to



GENERAL CUSTER AND HIS FAMILY, WITH A FEW FRIENDS
BEFORE MARCHING TO LITTLE BIG HORN IN 1876

correct them, Custer invited the New York Herald correspondent, James Gordon Bennett, to investigate; which resulted in the impeachment of Secretary of War Belknap. Custer was called to Washington as a witness. His testimony gave offense to those high in command and he was summarily removed from command. But

at his earnest entreaties he was allowed to accompany his troops on the expedition to the Big Horn and given command of the Seventh Cavalry, a part of his former command.

It is reported that when given charge of the Seventh Cavalry, he exclaimed with joy, "Custer is himself again! We shall meet and fight the Indians—and whatever glory shall, after this humiliation, be for Custer and for Custer's friends." Chafing under unjust reproof and restraint, perhaps he risked more than he realized. A gallant soul was sacrificed together with his glorious command.

For a mile square the battlefield of the Little Big Horn was dotted with the corpses of the slain, some in groups and some alone, 225 men and officers. Not one escaped to give history a true account of how Custer and his men rode to their death. Officers were grouped together and around lay scores of soldier bodies who had rallied to "Custer's Last Stand."

CHAPTER XXI

THE SIBLEY TRAIL

After the Minnesota Indian outbreaks and massacres in 1863, General Henry Hastings Sibley was given command of Minnesota regiments to chase the Indians so far west they would never return.

The Sibley Trail in North Dakota has been marked by the D. A. R. Valley City Chapter at the several camps.

All of Sibley's camps were fortified and therefore easily located. Valley City Chapter has placed a marker at Camp Sheardown, named for Surgeon Sheardown of the 10th Minnesota, on land donated by the owner of the farm on Fingal-Nome Highway No. 9.

Pierre Bottineau, a French half-breed (for whom Bottineau County is named), was the scout and guide who led the army from their camp northeast of Lisbon to their next camp, Three Lakes, in Barnes County and called Camp Sheardown.

Dacotah Chapter of Fargo placed a marker known as the Buffalo Creek marker, where Sibley's army stopped for a day after leaving Camp Sheardown and bathed in a small lake long since dried up. Sibley's army left this camp July 16, 1863, for the march to the famous Sibley Crossing on the Sheyenne River twelve miles away in northern Barnes County. On July 24, the Battle of Big Mound occurred, precipitated by the murder of Surgeon Weiser.

A peace conference was called and Chief Surgeon Weiser of the Mounted Rangers who spoke the Indian language made an effort to bring about an understanding and settlement of difficulties. So a parley was held by representatives from the camp of several hundred soldiers on the shores of a lake while the hundreds of Indians occupied the hills and valleys.

Dr. Weiser was suddenly shot and killed by Indians standing close beside him, and the battle was on. The Indians were fired on by the battery of four cannon, then pursued by the Mounted Rangers, then by infantry, and were soon routed. It was a fearful scene—the lonely lake, the roar of cannon, the yelling Indians, the charging cavalry—while a terrific thunder storm echoed overhead with very little rain. Lieut. Freeman was killed while hunting antelope that day. When the Indians heard the volley of shots that killed Surgeon Weiser, they shot with their arrows and mortally

wounded Lieut Freeman. His companion, Brachet, and he hid among the rushes but Freeman died that night..

A marker has been placed at Big Mound, 10 miles north of Tappan, with the inscription, "Sibley Trail. Dr. J. S. Weiser killed here July 24, 1863."

The battle of Apple Creek is graphically described by Capt. J. W. Burnham who kept notes of his march from Fort Snelling to the Missouri River with the Sixth Minnesota Regiment in 1863. General Sibley's force numbered 4,000 men, the 6th, 7th and 10th Minnesota Infantry, Third Minnesota Battery, and a regiment of Mounted Rangers. They crossed the Red River at Fort Abercrombie with 250 wagons carrying supplies. They followed the Sheyenne River through Cass, Barnes and Ransom counties through one of the worst droughts..

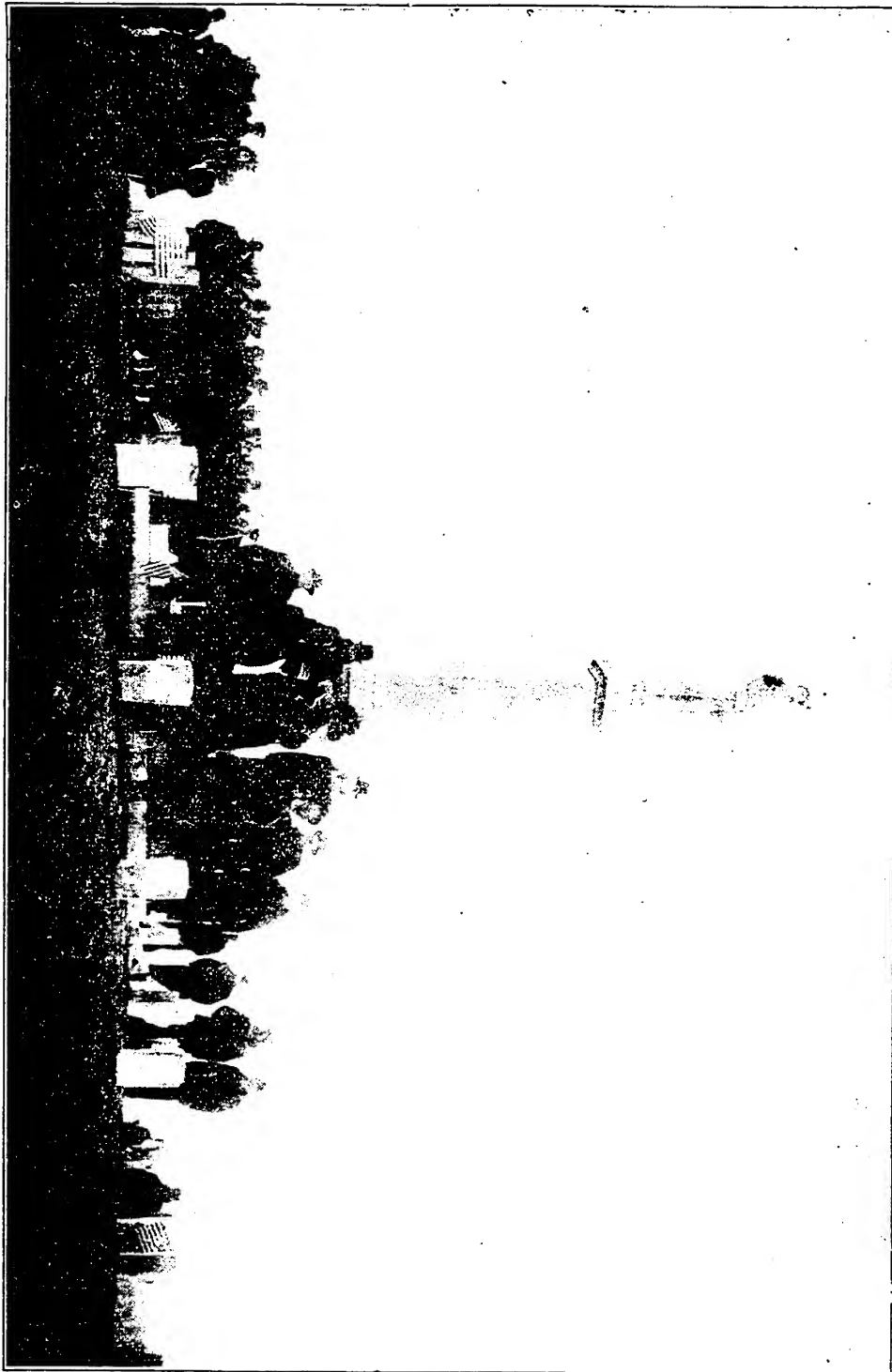
The Battle at Apple Creek in 1863

Diary of Capt. J. W. Burnham who kept notes of the march from Fort Snelling to the Missouri River at the "Santee Crossing."

July 29.—Reveille at 1:30. Marched at 3 a. m. We spent about three hours crossing the creek. The wagons were pulled through by men with ropes. We went about three miles, when the Missouri Valley was before us, just below the site of Bismarck, the river about eight miles off. The general (Sibley) expected the Indians would be unable to cross, but we could see them in crowds on the opposite bluffs. He had sent ahead the cavalry and the guns and we soon saw the latter rapidly firing. We hurried on, fatigued as we were, under a broiling sun, thinking a battle was going on, and found the cavalry had been repulsed from the thick grove by Indians shooting arrows and the artillery was shelling them out. They saw very few Indians except those across the river on the bluffs. They were flashing their mirrors in the bright sunlight in answer to the reflections doubtless visible from the glittering barrels of our Springfield rifles.

We were marched within about a mile of the timber and two miles from the river, where we lay for three hours, when we were ordered into camp on a bench near the creek and about two miles from its mouth, where we arrived about 5 p. m., completely exhausted with hunger, thirst, fatigue and lack of sleep, having marched about twelve miles that day.

Meanwhile the 6th Regiment skirmished the woods, but saw few Indians. When they approached the river they found hundreds of carts and wagons, and tons of stuff that the Indians were unable to



DEDICATION OF WHITESTONE HILL BATTLEFIELD MONUMENT

take across the river. On the bank they were hailed from the opposite shore: "We do not want to fight the whites!" and were answered by a scout who talked with them for some time, but when the men approached the river to fill their canteens hundreds of shots were fired at them from the tall grass opposite, but the shots mostly fell short and did no injury. Today Lt. Beever, General Sibley's volunteer aid, was lost in some way. He was sent by the general with an order to Colonel Crooks, commanding the skirmishes in the woods. He delivered his order but did not return. A private of the 6th is also missing. Our mules and horses are entirely exhausted and men nearly as far gone. Many of them are dropping out of the ranks to be picked up by the ambulances. During the last few days a very common sight was to see a mounted man fall behind. He would get off and lead the horse and very often he was still unable to keep up. A shot would then finish the horse, the saddle and bridle would go to the nearest wagon and soldier go on afoot. At this camp we had grass and water, but, as before, our animals would not be safe beyond the end of a rope.

July 30.—The "long roll" beat twice in the night. Indians all around and shots are continually being exchanged. We could hold no ground beyond the reach of our guns. Rockets were sent up and guns fired both night and day to signal to Lt. Beever. With all our care the Indians ran off a few mules.

A detachment of 700 men was sent out to skirmish through the woods again and find the missing men if possible. The cannon went with them, and while writing this in camp I hear the guns speaking out occasionally.

We heard bad reports during the day from the river bank, and the general sent down reinforcements, but about 10 p. m. the troops all came in, having suffered no loss. They killed a few Indians and found the bodies of the missing men. Lt. Beever carried three revolvers and had evidently made a vigorous fight, and had been shot with three arrows. His horse had been killed with a bullet. Like most of the army he wore his hair short, and the Indians had cut around his head endeavoring to scalp him, but were unable to pull it off, so they scalped the long whiskers from one of his cheeks. The soldier, having longer hair, was scalped in the usual manner. During the night, under a strong wind, the Indians set the grass on fire, but a line of men with wet blankets met it and soon put it out.

August 1.—Had a bad time of it last night. Indians prowled around camp all night. Single ones were fired upon many times by the guard. About midnight a large force crawled upon the burnt

ground and fired a heavy volley into the camp, shooting through many tents and killing a mule and stampeding the herd of beef cattle, which broke away, but fortunately were stopped and driven back. No men were shot though the firing was kept up on both sides most of the night. In the reduced state of men and horses, especially the latter, all we could do at this time was to repel attack. We had already marched farther than our supply of provisions would warrant, and this day we marched twenty miles toward home. We had no sooner left the camp than the Indians took possession, and only a small force followed us. Our camp for tonight has plenty of good grass and water.

* * * * *

NOTE—General Sibley made his camp opposite what is now called Sibley Island, then known as “Burned Boat” Island, from the incident of the “Assinaboine” being destroyed by fire in 1834 with Prince Maximilian of Germany and his party on board. It is now known as Sibley Island.

CHAPTER XXII

THE FRONTIER SCOUT

"Mde Hanska Ake-ci-ta Teepee," translated to mean "Long Lake Soldier's House," was the name the Yankton Sioux gave to Fort Rice, when they saw the encampment of several thousand soldiers there who cut down the timber and made sun dried bricks or "adobe" for the building of the soldier's "big war teepees" in 1864.

During the year of construction a little paper was published at Fort Rice called "The Frontier Scout."

Very few copies are now in existence and we are indebted to Mrs. Margaret Bingheimer of Mandan for the perusal of her copy which is dated August 10, 1865.

It is a curious little paper concerned with daily monotonous life at the Fort besieged by Indians with an occasional attack to vary the monotony.

An editorial on the "Indian Policy" expresses the idea that extermination should be the policy and eulogizes General Sully's plan of campaign against the nomadic tribes.

* * * * *

(The weather is mentioned frequently). . . Another fine day. . . saw a beautiful rainbow. Never did I see, until I came to Dakota Territory, such a wonderful rainbow, a perfect arch.

Mention is made of a skirmish with the Indians with the officers named who directed the skirmish and closing with the hope that "many a squaw will tear her long black hair tonight and mourn her departed brave. . . ."

There are items to the effect . . . the wolves howl like demons tonight . . . The first cat arrived at Fort Rice. Badly needed for the rats and mice were making inroads on the commissary stores. . . Fifteen hundred bushels of corn (for horses) arrived for the quartermaster department. . . The steamers "Big Horn" and "The Spray," arrived with supplies for the Post. . . Private Hudson buried today. . . (One brief line) Steamboat "Benton" arrived—no passengers. . . The texas, cabin and smokestacks full of bullet holes where redskins had fired into her. We had a gay time with the Captain. Charley Shang sang his "Pioneer Song." The Captain is a real gentleman. He treated us to some fine wines. . . . Conundrum . . . Why is Company C., 4th U. S. V. I. like a drunk-

ard? Because they are transported by a big horn. ("Big Horn," the name of the steamboat.) (One lone advertisement)—Lost: A pocketbook containing \$104.00 in money and an order for head stones for the graveyard and one list of gun crew. \$25.00 reward. Corporal J. D. Curtis, Co. C., 1st U. S. Infantry.



Joseph Henry Taylor

Of the many characters of frontier scouts who passed up and down the upper Missouri region, none were more outstanding than Joseph Henry Tayler, printer, hunter and trapper. As an enlisted soldier of the West Chester Rifle Men, Second Pennsylvania Infantry, one of the first companies to respond to President Lincoln's call for troops after the fall of Fort Sumpter, he served in the Civil War—later captured by Stonewall Jackson's troops and sent with other captured prisoners of war to Libby and Andersonville prison where so many starved and died. He was paroled and later served along the frontier of Minnesota. When he was mustered out at the close of the war his love of the life on the plains led him through New Mexico, Colorado and the great Northwest. He learned the

printer's trade on the old Yankton Herald and his book, "Twenty Years on the Trap Line" is written from his own experience. He lived near but not among the Indians, learning the dialects of the "plumed and painted Gros Ventres," the "gaily painted Crows with suspicious hearts and prying eyes," the Yanktons with their cold stare and silent tongue, the "hidden faced" Sissetons, the "frost eared" Assinaboines, the "black leg" Anahoways, "haughty and silent." He learned their languages and ways and let them alone and they did not molest him although he had several narrow escapes. Notably when he and "Comrade" Mercer, both young and reckless, decided to float down the river to Yankton, the territorial capitol, in a little tub-like "bull boat," a 650 mile journey through a hostile Indian country when the sight of a "bull boat" with men and guns would be a "call to arms" to every Sioux village along the river. They finally arrived after various thrilling adventures and were glad to make the return trip in the steamboat "Peninah."

The Indians respected him for he hunted and trapped as they did—with no reckless willful waste, and with due consideration of natural game laws. He labored long with his pen to preserve from extinction those native conservators of water, the beaver (the beavers were building dams long before the government went into the business). But the white man came, broke up the dams and killed these industrious little architects whose engineering skill and whose masonry brought green fertility to their surroundings.

Joseph Tayler compared humans with beaver with architectural skill "who builds but does not destroy, endures suffering, but will not inflict suffering on others," and says, "Alas we have so few human beavers among us," classing the beaver with the highest in the kingdom of animals. The writer knew him when he edited the Washburn Leader as a kindly old man, an entertaining talker and author of several books.

Bloody Knife

Bloody Knife was Custer's favorite scout. Bloody Knife was the son of a prominent Uncpapa Sioux chief and related to Sitting Bull. His mother was an Arickaree. He would not accept Sitting Bull's policy in relation to the whites, quarreled with him and left his tribe, settling at Fort Clarke with his wife's people in 1856, identifying himself with and becoming an Arckaree. He knew the country from one end to the other and his intense hatred of Sitting Bull and his tribe on account of their family feud, made him overly anxious to see Sitting Bull and his band properly chastised, and he

wanted to have a hand in humiliating him, his only fear being that the troops were out picnicking instead of on the war path. He repeatedly told General Custer that he thought he would never find the Indians as the command moved too slow and remained in camp too long. He could not understand the cause for their delays. He told General Custer that he wanted to have the honor and pleasure of killing Sitting Bull himself. Bloody Knife was himself killed with Reno's command. He was shot through the head while standing in front of Major Reno, the blood and brains bespattering and covering the major's face.

Charles Reynolds

For fifteen years Charles Reynolds had been the best shot, the most successful hunter and scout in the territory. Yet he never wore the long hair or belt full of weapons of the typical frontier scout.

"Lonesome Charley" was his nickname, for he had little to say, and he was a strict teetotaler, never drank or smoked, which probably accounts for his remarkable skill with the rifle.



CHARLES REYNOLDS, Scout

His fame as a hunter and scout was second to none. The Indians looked on him as having magic powers, as he would bring in game where their best hunters had failed.

He spent these years on the plains and in the mountains, and yet little is known of him except he was a silent man of unusual sense and skill, great bravery and unimpeachable character.

Captain Edward Allison in Brinsmade's "A Trooper With Custer," has this to say in 1913 of Charles Reynolds: "I was interpreter and chief of scouts in 1875 at Standing Rock Agency. I was ordered by General Carlin to proceed to Bismarck post haste, secure certain official papers that I would find on Waldorf, an employee of the agent at Standing Rock, and if I needed help, General Custer would assist.

"I borrowed Lonesome Charley and found our man at Bismarck at 'The Red Chimney' (a road house on what is now Fourth street) with the city marshal and his gang of toughs. I demanded the papers. Waldorf handed them over, but the city marshal backed by his gang threatened to arrest me.

"He had hardly opened his mouth when Lonesome had him covered, made him get down on his hands and knees, disarmed him, drove the whole crowd upstairs and locked the stairway door. We quietly mounted our horses, rode back to the ferry and crossed to Fort Lincoln. I was at Standing Rock before daylight."

Major Reno wrote his relatives that Charley had been wounded, killed his horse and fought behind its body as long as he had ammunition or till he was killed.

He was with Reno as Custer divided his forces and Charley Reynolds, Girard, Billy Jackson, a half-breed scout, and Bloody Knife, the Arikaree, and other 'Rees were detailed to accompany Major Reno's battalion.

Reynolds had predicted that the summer of 1876 would see one of the greatest Indian battles, for he had stated that preparations were going on for some time. The Indians were slipping away from the reservations and supplying themselves by trading with plenty of ammunition and repeating rifles.

Curley

Curley, the Crow scout, was the only man who went with Custer, who survived. He hid on the banks of the river and finally escaped from the uproar of carnage by wrapping a Sioux blanket around himself and making his way across the prairie to the steamer "Far West" where at first little attention was paid him, so dazed was he from the battle. It finally dawned on those on the steamboat that his wails and grief-stricken moaning of "Absaraka" meant soldiers and that a dire conflict had been fought and lost.

He was the courier who brought the first news of the Custer disaster to the steamer "Far West" at the mouth of the Little Big Horn which was later relayed to the outside world through the telegraph office at Bismarck.

The word "Absaraka" has been translated to mean "Land of the Crows," and as the Crow Indians had many horses and other evidences of wealth it was a beautiful sight to see them on the march. "Absaraka," meaning "grand, magnificent," they applied to themselves and they used this word while watching the soldiers on parade and drilling to express admiration so the whites thought "Absaraka" meant "soldiers."

Louis Agaard

One of the typical characters in the early days of the '40's along the Missouri River was Louis Agaard, a Frenchman, who came up the Missouri River when a boy in a Mackinaw boat (a small boat) with five men when it took a whole season to make the trip from St. Louis to Fort Benton. The only white people in the "Dakotahs" in the '40's were the adventuresome traders and their assistants. With these Agaard took up his residence and shared their life of danger and privations for a long number of years. Agaard's Bottoms along the Missouri River south of Bismarck where he once made his home is named for him.

One of his adventures occurred while in the employ of the fur traders at Fort Pierre, which will show something of the character of the man. One day he was alone up river at a small log cabin. The Indians thought it would be an easy matter to run Agaard away, get back the furs they had traded in and whatever provisions were at the cabin post. One morning they came in their war paint, yelling and shooting, pounding at the door with their stone war clubs. Others climbed on the low roof of the log cabin. Agaard had been told of their intentions by one of the Indian relatives of his wife. As soon as a goodly number were at the door, he opened the door and told them to walk in. He stepped back a pace and pointed his loaded pistol at an open keg of powder with sacks of bullets grouped around it.

The Indians realized in a moment that he would shoot into the powder if they entered and in the explosion all would be hit and killed. They retreated in hot haste, crying to those on the roof to jump and run. Agaard was not molested after this and won great respect among the Indians for his courage.

Agaard served as a guide on some of the early expeditions into the then unknown country west of the Missouri, and later as an in-

terpreter at the Grand River Agency, and for the Peace Commission in 1868 at Fort Rice.

Isaiah

Isaiah Dorman was a negro who married a Santee Sioux woman and was accepted into her tribe. He acted as interpreter at Fort Rice and Fort A. Lincoln for General Custer. Previous to this he was courier or mail carrier between Fort Rice and Fort Wadsworth, making the trip once a month on foot, carrying enough bedding and food to last him the five day trip. It was indeed a perilous journey in sub-zero weather over a trackless prairie, without a settlement or even a road that could be followed. He accompanied Custer on his last march and his mutilated body was found on the Little Big Horn battlefield.

Strikes the Bear

Strikes the Bear, whose name was changed to Red Star after the Custer campaign by the advice of Big Star, his grandfather, was one of the government scouts.

He, in company with others, went to Fort Lincoln to enlist in scout duty. The officer in charge of scouts was Lieutenant Var-num (Peaked Face) and his orderlies were Bloody Knife and Bob-tailed Bull. Their first order was that when a man did not get up he was to go without breakfast. If he got drunk he was to lose his horse and march on foot.

Girard was the interpreter. He told the scouts they need not drill. Roll call was at night just at bedtime. They were to do sentinel duty from high points near the fort and guard the horses.

They received guns, clothing, blankets and later they were to accompany the Fort Lincoln troops to the "Greasy Grass" country near the Powder River.

F. F. Girard

F. F. Girard, a printer, the first settler in Morton county, came to Dakota Territory in 1848, which should make him one of the earliest settlers of Dakota Territory.

Fred Girard was a famous scout and interpreter, coming to the upper Missouri country in 1848 when it was occupied only by buffalo, Indians and Indian traders. He came to old Fort Clarke in 1849 where he remained for 15 years as Indian trader.

He spoke seven Indian languages as well as French and English. Later he was in the Yellowstone region. From 1872 to 1888 he was located at Fort McKean as guide and interpreter.

He was at Fort Berthold from 1861 to 1865. In 1872 he filed on the claim where the city of Mandan is at present located.

He was with Terry and Custer on the march on the fatal trip to the Little Big Horn and was one of the few men who survived, returning to Bismarck on the steamer Far West.



F. F. GIRARD, *Scout*

He was born at St. Louis and learned the printer's trade there, but the life of the plains appealed to him more.

Buffalo Bill

Buffalo Bill or William F. Cody was perhaps the best-known of frontier scouts. His fame spread over the United States and Europe along with his famous "Wild West" shows, a fame well deserved. In his boyhood, the sole support of mother and sisters, he was one of the pony express riders. A mere boy, he rode more than three hundred consecutive miles on a single trip in the sixties. Across the continent stations were built, nearly two hundred in all, stocked with fodder and fleet horses. The riders often were mere boys. They started from both ends of the trip. Braving the dangers of a trackless wilderness, of storms, of hostile Indians, of mountain

passes, of precipitous cliffs, of floods, the solitary horseman rode with his precious dispatches on and on. A nerve-wracking ordeal that took courage. It was conducted from St. Joseph to Fort Kearney, Laramie Bridges to Salt Lake City, Carson, Placerville, to Sacramento, California until the overland telegraph put an end to the pony express. But it has done its part in keeping California in the troubled sixties in touch with the union. The first telegram over the new wire read: "To the Atlantic from the Pacific, and may both oceans be dry before a foot of all the land that lies between them belong to any other than a united country."

Later Buffalo Bill contracted with the Southern Pacific to furnish them twelve buffaloes a day. He was with General Terry in Montana, fearlessly carrying dispatches to the Black Hills. He tarried at Fort Rice, and then was a visitor at Fort McKean. Later--always a friend of the Indians—he came to Fort Yates to conciliate the misunderstandings of the Messiah craze in which his old friend Sitting Bull was involved, but was not permitted to perform the good office of peacemaker.

A buffalo hunter was he when the buffalo were so numerous in Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas that armed guards were necessary to keep them from running over the graders while they were making the road bed of the railroad. He supplied the contractors with fresh meat, charging in among the galloping thousands, shooting them down right and left while racing with them, taking care his horse was not thrown or hurt in their rushes, or it would be all over in a few minutes.

The death knell of the buffalo was sounded when hide hunters or white men killed them for their hides at any season of the year, leaving the carcasses on the plains. The hide hunters followed them from Texas to the Canadian line, and there was no refuge for the buffalo anywhere, until they were practically extinct. Then the early settlers came in and with drought and grasshoppers found "hard sledding," so they gathered up the whitened bones of the extinct buffalo, hauled them to railroad stations and sold them by the ton. In time the last bones disappeared, so now even the traces of the buffalo, the deep trodden paths, the wallows they made, are no longer in existence. "The Mighty Monarch of the Plains," so numerous at one time that they stopped the Missouri River steamboats as the great herds swam across the wide river, is now known only in picture and story and occasional specimens in park or zoo.

CHAPTER XXIII

ZIWINTA—A LEGEND

By LLNDA W. SLAUGHTER

Zi-win-ta was the daughter of an ancient seer of her tribe whose duty was to instruct the youth in the traditions of their people. He had no son and the spirit of prophesy descended to his only daughter. She was esteemed far above the women of her tribe as the widow of a great war chief. She was the mother of one of the government scouts who was afterwards killed at Fort McKeen in one of the forays with the Sioux and the grandmother of a young brave whom she personally and with pride told Mrs. Slaughter had just taken his first Sioux scalp. Her attachment for Dr. and Mrs. Slaughter began when the Doctor cured her little granddaughter of convulsions in the scouts' quarters outside of Fort Rice. Mrs. Slaughter's interest was excited by the many attacks on the Arikaree scouts' quarters just outside the walls of the fort. Many a pitched battle took place outside the stout stockade walls while officers and men watched the contest safely behind the ramparts, for they were of brief duration and the Arikaree scouts retaliated whenever they could.

Zi-win-ta, the Old Seeress of the Sioux

Most of the history of the Indians is gleaned from the sagas of the past. It was this ancient squaw at Fort Rice, Zi-win-ta by name, that told Mrs. Linda W. Slaughter the story of her tribe previous to the coming of the white man.

"Zi-win-ta told me the story of the Mandans, the Minneterees, or 'People who came across the Great Water,' who are the descendants of the original occupants of the land. They were once a great and powerful nation, who built great cities and kept immense herds of buffalo, which were tame then and gave them milk and furs for clothing. That they plowed the earth with the tame buffalo and raised corn and many kinds of vegetables; that the Sioux came down upon them from the northwest, terrible and as numerous as snowflakes. Their herds of buffalo became scattered and were wild thereafter and were hunted by the Sioux—with bow and arrow, and on horses that they had captured far away to the southwest.

The cities were destroyed and the people slain. Soon there were but few left, and they fled to the banks of the "Smoky Water" to make their last defense for their lives and this country on the hill south of Fort McKean.

With the tough sod that was made strong by the tangled grass-roots, they built forts, "strong like the white soldier's big war tepees," she said, pointing to the stockade and walls of Fort Rice, "and built them on the high and steep banks of the river on precipices that none could scale and so close to the edge that no wall was needed at that side. To these forts they withdrew with all their people and earthly possessions and here they were besieged a long time by the Sioux. But they fought desperately and until their provisions which they had "cached" under ground in jug-shaped cisterns, were gone, and famine came. There were many who had perished from hunger, and the survivors sang their death song and threw themselves one by one down the banks and into the swift "Smoky Water" below and all were drowned. All, save the inmates of one of these earth forts. These had many boats, made of dried buffalo hides, sewed over circular frames of willow wood (the bull boats of today), and they made a subterranean passage to the river and each night caught as many fish as the garrison could eat during the day, so they held out long after the inmates of the other forts had succumbed. One day a miracle occurred. The fish came forth from the river of their own accord and lay down along the edge of the low bank at the water's side. That night the Mandan's filled their boats and crossed the river in the deep darkness. When the morning dawned the Sioux found the fort deserted, and, supposing that the Mandans had all drowned themselves, did not look for them again and they made their way safely to the city of the Arickarees, that stood on the west bank of the Missouri above the site of the old Fort Clarke, and were protected by them.

The Mandans built their camp a little north of the Arickaree village. Here they were attacked by a strange disease, and nearly all perished. On the breaking out of the pestilence, the Arickarees moved their camp to the site of old Fort Berthold, where they were afterward joined by the remnant of the Mandan nation who had escaped the pestilence—which by some historians had been pronounced smallpox—but which Zi-win-ta asserted was caused by eating the poisoned fish."

So much confidence had I in Zi-win-ta's statements that in September, 1872, a party of us set out from Camp Hancock to find the ruins of the Mandan earth fort. There were Capt. Clarke, Lieut.

Chance, several officers of the engineer corps of the army, Colonel Sweet, Dr. Slaughter, Mrs. Anthony, and myself. The remains of the fort were found exactly as described by our Indian seeress, on high bluffs on the west bank of the river some distance above the mouth of the Big Heart River, on the land since proved up on by J. O. Simmons. The traces of circular wall and the bastion were yet plainly discernible, and of this as well as the ancient earthworks of the extinct Anahawahs fore on the site of Ft. Lincoln, it was declared by the engineer officers of the party, that they were constructed by a people having a high degree of mechanical skill and possessing a creditable knowledge of civil engineering.

Our party was probably the first white people to visit these ruins, and I then contributed a paper on the antiquities of this region together with specimens of the pottery to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C. After the settlement of this country, the owner of the land, Mr. Simmons, offered to donate the site of fort to any historical society we might form that would agree to preserve intact these interesting relics of a by-gone age. But our people at that time were too deeply engrossed in making the future history of the country worthy of commemoration, and too much alive to the necessity of exertion to save themselves from a similar fate at the hands of the descendants of their destroyers to spare thought and time to preserve the relics of the great nation that once flourished on the land where we now dwell."

A FAMOUS INDIAN WOMAN—SA-KA-KA-WEA

It has often been remarked that, while there were many famous Indian warriors, no mention is ever made of famous Indian women. Doubtless this is due to custom which strongly forbade the Indian women from doing anything but her prescribed duties. There was very little opportunity for them to do anything spectacular or outstanding.

The women cheered on their men in their war work and occasionally a daring damsel arrayed herself in warrior's painted dress and went with them to battle, daring them to greater achievements. But history records none of their names.

Some of the duties of the Indian girls and women are told in the following song, which I heard sung by the Indian children at the Fort Stevenson Indian school, when I was a young girl teaching in McLean County. Whether or not the last line of the song expressed their sentiments, I leave for you to guess.

"I am a poor little Indian maid,
With acorns, shells, and wild flowers played
Or by my mother sat all day,
To weave and plait those baskets gay.

My brother in his bark canoe,
Across the lake so gaily flew,
And with the arrows I did make,
He shot the wild deer in the brake.

Till the white man to the prairie came
And taught poor Indian Jesus's name,
My Savior's name I now adore,
God bless the white man evermore."

The little Indian maiden, Sa-Ka-Ka-Wea, whose name has been translated to mean "The Bird Woman" in the Gros Ventre language or "The Boat Launcher" in the Sho-Sho-Nee language, was destined to be the most famous Indian woman in North Dakota.

The story of her capture as a child is a thrilling one. Her tribe, the Sho-Sho-Nees, were camped at Three Forks, the source of the Missouri River, formed by three rivers, named by Lewis and Clark—the Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin. A war cry was heard, and a war party of Gros Ventres rushed in and killed a number of the Sho-Sho-Nees, and captured two little girls. They did not kill them but put them on horses and sped toward the earth villages of Dacotah, along the Missouri. A great feast was held to celebrate the victory over the Sho-Sho-Nees. The captives were adopted into the tribe. When Sa-Ka-Ka-Wea grew up, her foster father was presented with gifts by Charboneau and she became his third wife.

She lived in 1804 in the Mandan village near what is now Stanton, North Dakota, where Lewis and Clark wintered on their exploration trip ordered by Thomas Jefferson to explore the new lands embodied in the Louisiana Purchase.

In this great task of piercing a wilderness Lewis and Clark asked for guides, the chief suggested that they hire the guide, Charboneau, whose wife was called the bird woman (she could find her way anywhere—like a bird) and was of the Sho-Sho-Nee tribe from beyond the Rockies. Gladly they consented, and with the eight weeks old baby on her back, Sa-Ka-Ka-Wea unerringly guided them over the mountain fastness, past dangerous rapids to the Pacific.

This expedition saved the great Northwest Territory for the

United States. So this Indian woman's intelligence and bravery as chronicled by Lewis and Clark's writings rendered a great service to this country.

Her statue stands on the capitol grounds of Bismarck, her baby, "Baptiste," on her shoulder, gazing westward to her home west of the Rocky Mountains.

Every school child is familiar with her name, thanks to the club women of the state. Statues in her honor have been erected at Oregon and Wyoming as well as in North Dakota.

CHAPTER XXIV

HISTORIC SITES

Of interest to visitors from all parts of the U. S. and foreign countries is the Roosevelt Cabin at the capitol grounds.

The cabin was moved to Bismarck in 1904 after being on exhibition at the World's Fair at St. Louis. Originally it was built 7 miles south of Medora in 1884. Theodore Roosevelt assisted his ranch hands in its construction. He lived there in 1884 to 1887.

When the cabin was moved to Bismarck it stood there unprotected for 20 years, "going to rack and ruin." Minneshoshe Chapter of the D. A. R. took charge of the restoration and through a committee headed by Mrs. Fred Conklin, worked intensely for the success of the project.

Through the influence of some of the members, the legislature appropriated money for a permanent fence and flag post. A gate of ornamental wrought iron was made by Master Artisan Haile Chisholm at the State College in Fargo. Inscribed on it were the dates of Roosevelt's birth and death. Incorporated in the design are the two S's, "statesman and soldier," two R's for "rancher and rough-rider"; G for governor; P for president; N for nationalist; E for explorer; A for author; H for historian; and D for diplomat.

At the front door is the original stepping stone just as it was at the ranch. Alice Roosevelt Longworth tacked a silver plate on the door, the original plate being hung inside the door. Inside are duplicates of Roosevelt's bed, stove, settee, table and many large pictures of Eikhorn Ranch, 21 miles north of Medora, and which was one of his ranch houses; "Roosevelt at 27 Years of Age," and "Charge up San Juan Hill"; a group of old time "Badland Citizens"; Roosevelt in his hunting outfit; Roosevelt guarding the boat thieves; also in the cabin are his library; his gun; a pen with which he signed a bill when president; his leather chaps worn while he was in the Badlands.

The first planting about the cabin was done in 1925 when each member of Minneshoshe Chapter gave a tree or shrub, native to North Dakota. Mrs. Fannie Heath of Grand Forks the next year planted a large collection of native flowers and shrubs at the site of the cabin.

The present owner of the Roosevelt Ranch is W. O. Trenor of

Roanoke, Va., who plans to restore the old ranch to the same condition as it enjoyed during Roosevelt's ownership in the '80's. Originally named Chimney Butte Ranch after a picturesque butte nearby, Theodore Roosevelt renamed it "Maltese Cross" because of his cattle brand.

D. A. R.

The D. A. R. Dacotah Chapter has placed markers at Holy Cross Cemetery on Melby farm in Cass County and in the priest's house built by Father Genin in the timber on the Red River. It is the oldest house in Cass County and in all probability was the first erected. It is on the J. W. Johnson farm, a historic log house. The Mission of the Holy Cross was established by Father Jean Baptiste Marie Genin at the confluence of the Red River and Wild Rice River where the Chippewa and Sioux had their war path. In the spring of 1869 hostilities commenced and Father Genin invited them to meet at Fort Abercrombie. Nine hundred Sioux and 900 Chippewas appeared and a treaty of peace was signed by all the principal chiefs in the presence of the commanding officer of the fort, officers and soldiers. From then on no more war parties were seen in the Red River Valley. The Sioux agreed to go no further north than the cross at Holy Cross Mission. This historic battleground is located on the Julian Cossette farm in Cass County.

At Williston a marker was placed on the Lewis and Clark bridge spanning the Missouri River with the words, "Captains Meriwether Lewis and Wm. Clarke, the first explorers to trace the course of the Missouri River to its source, camped near this point April, 1805, and again on their return journey, Aug. 6, 1806. Deeds are their tribute that last through the years."

Old Fort Buford (now the site of Villa Militaire) was chosen as a site for a military post because it was across from the mouth of the Yellowstone River. The first steamboat landed here on its way to Fort Union and here are many pioneer soldiers' graves, the headstones showing the ravages of time. Villa Militaire is now a museum of relics, a living history of those pioneers who led the advance of civilization at old Fort Union. A Mandan Indian lodge and flag pole mark it as a historic site.

Dog Den Mountains

The Dog Den range is a spur of the Coteau du Prairie, the great divide or grass covered mountains that cross the two Dakotas beginning at the Bijon Hills and extending into the lower Saskatchewan Valley.

Like Devils Lake, the Dog Den Mountains were "waukan" or

sacred or a place of mystery to the Indian tribes for in its deep caverns the strange, mysterious ghost dogs growled. It was in the Dog Den Mountains the fleeing Minnesota Indians with Inkpaduta at their head found their hideaways while General Sibley Cavalry in 1864 searched the deep ravines and caves, finally returning to camp on the Missouri River to report "that the earth had swallowed them up."

Fort Totten Trail

The Santee Sioux were unfriendly to the Fort Totten Post and so the mail route from Fort Totten to Fort Stevenson, 125 miles away, was a most dangerous trail with strange disappearances of mail carriers. General De Trobriand was commander of Fort Stevenson during the later sixties. The "Fort Totten Trail" as it was called in song and story, became so risky that the mail carriers travelled by night, hiding by day, and in winter used dog teams who could cross the snow-filled coulees and face the blowing blizzard better than horses..

Painted Woods

Beautiful is the name of Painted Woods and so named for its scenic grandeur; beautiful as a painted picture. At least so I thought when I taught my first term of school there as a young girl in the sylvan retreat, the little settlement of the same name.

The schoolhouse stood on a high bluff overlooking the wide and curving Missouri River with its graceful border of green willows and towering cottonwoods and elm trees. Across the river rose in majesty the sculptured fantastic buttes, firm as the pyramids of the ancient Nile.

I soon learned the legends of the Painted Woods and that the words meant "trees stained in blood," for this ground had been in times long past forbidden ground or "no man's land" to the Sioux, the Arikaree and the Mandans.

To meet here was to fight till the trees were painted in blood. The many legends varied as to the cause; sometimes it was rival lovers and again it might be rival chiefs or rival camps. But though the legends might differ as to the cause, the result was the same. War whoops rang out till camp after camp were involved, destruction and carnage with all the gruesome details followed until the combatants were so decimated that a renewal of strife was impossible. So the survivors departed to carry on the tale of the legend of the Painted Woods.